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THE CHILDLESS HOME.

Ah! he was bonnie, had brave, and sweet,— My only darling—my little Jim! With a wealth of leve in his loyal heart For the world all new to him.

But he searcely entered its open door, He nothing knew of its gain or loss, He never had battled with toil or sin, Or lifted a heavy cross.

But straight from his innocent joyous play, With never a shadow or thought of fear, The angels took him to live with them, And I—I am lonely here.

I fondle his stockings and pretty kilts, And the curts once shorn from his head. For mothers grow strange and fanciful When their little boys are dead.

And so I listen with bated breath,
As a child's fleet footsteps patter near,
Or a shout rings out on the summer air,
And dream my boy is here.

But never at morning, noon, or dusk, By night or day does the dream come true; No path leads back from the portals fair His feet have pattered through.

Only to rock him at twilight hour, And fold him safe in his downy bed; To linger the oft-told stories o'er, And hear his night prayer said.

Only to look at his hazel eyes,
Prepling from under the battered brim
Of his misused hat, or to hear his laugh:
But the house is still and prim.

Never a trample of muddy hoots, Or whitiling scattered over the floor; No litter of toys on the kitchen shelf, Or raid on the pantry's store. But only a desolate, darkened house,
That mourns in allence for little Jim.
He will never, never return to me,
But I—I shall go to him!

THE COBBLESBURY BURGLARS.

Mr. Cobblesbury came home to sup per looking very grave, and sat down to the table with one hand firmly pressed over his breast pocket.

"What have you got in your pocket, pa?" inquired the eldest daughter, Miss

"Hush, breathed Mr. Cobblesbury as he felt in his pocket for the thirteenth time in five minutes. "Burg-

"Burglars in your pocket, pa?" cried inquisitive Marmaduke Cobblesbury, aged fourteen.

'No. son." said Mr. Cobblesbury gravely; "but I have \$500 which John Spriggs paid me after banking hours to-day, and it is highly probable that our house may be visited by burglars to-night."

Mr. Cobblesbury looked so solemn that the twins, aged five, began to evince signs of indulging their favorite amusement of weeping in one another's arms. All the family excepting Charles Simon, the eldest son, who had just returned from college, became vere grave.

"I have been expecting a visit from burglars for many years," said Mr.

Cobblesbury. "It is strange we have escaped so long."

"True," asserted Charles Simon.
"Every well regulated family nowadays must boast of a visit from burglars before they can take their proper posit on in society. I learned that in college."

Mormaduke thought it would be a good idea to set steel traps in all parts of the house to catch the burg-"What do the newspapers say?"

asked Miss Emeline.

Mr. Cobblesbury could not remember having read any good recipe for catching burglars. Charles Simon write a book on subject as soon as he graduated at college. But the principal trouble seemed to be how the family were to be awakened when the burglars

'The burglars will wake us fast enough," said Charles Simon. "But they might kill us first," said

Mrs. Cobblesbury, innocently.
"I read in a paper that the safest
way was to fasten a burglar alarm to
every door and window in the house,"

sald Miss Emeline. "That would be a waste of money," objected Mr. Cobblesbury, "for no burglar would break in at every door

"Bes des." said Mrs. Cobblesbury, convincingly. "the burglars would steel the alarms."

"Why can't we put tar all over the front stairs?" inquired Marmaduke. "Then pa and I could kill them in the morning as we go down to breakfast, for all the burglars would get stuck

on the way up!"

"I do not wish to kill any depredator, if he will surrender or leave peaceably," said Mr. Cobblesbury. "The only arrangement possible is to arm ourselves to the teeth, and I will conceal the meaning and the said and the sa

ceal the money in a safe place."

The family coincided with this. Mrs. Cobblesbury thought they should retire early in order to obtain some sleep before the burglars came. There was some difficulty concerning the armament required. Both Mr. Cobblesbury and Charles Simon possessed revolvers. Marmaduke took the fire tongs and an old razor and tied a leather belt around his waist. Miss Emelins procured a Marmaduke took the fire tongs and an old razor and tied a leather belt around his waist. Miss Emeline procured a small package of red pepper to throw into the burghars' eyes, but Mrs. Cobbleshury thought this would be cruel and her daughter compromised on black pepper, which would not be so strong. The twins wished to take the garden hose to bed with them, feeling confident that an icy stream of water would drive the intruders away. They were eventually obliged to be contented, however, with their popguns and a small tin pail filled with beans.

When Mr. and Mrs. Cobblesbury retired the question arose what should be done with the revolver? Mrs. Cobblesbury declared she should die of fright if the weapon were placed under the pillow, and Mr. Cobblesbury finally drew up a chair beside the bed and laid the revolver upon it.

"Shall we leave the gas burning?" inquired Mrs. Cobblesbury, nervously.

"Certainly not," answered her husband. "The burglars would then be enabled to move around with perfect ease." Accordingly they turned off the gas and retired. Mr. Cobblesbury, despite his years, was soon snoring vigorously, but Mrs. Cobblesbury could not sleep. In about an hour she shook her liege lord energetically, and adjured him to wake up.

"Yes, my love?" cried he, leaping up; give me the gun; I'll fix 'em!"

"No. no." said Mrs. Cobblesbury.

"It isn't burglars—it's the pistol."

"What's the matter with the pistol?" queried the husband, sarcastically. "Is the pistol sick?"

"I can't remember the way you laid it, Samuel." explained Mrs. Cobblesbury, tremulously. "Didn't you put it with the pointer part toward the bed!"

"Well, suppose I did?"
"Oh, Samuel," cried Mrs. Cobbles-bury, "turn it around quick; it may go off at any manute and blow us all to

Mr. Cobblesbury reached out sleepily Mr. Cobblesbury reached out sleepily and turned the revolver around. It was now aimed directly toward her, but, fortunately, Mrs. Cobblesbury lacked the power of seeing in the darkness, and was comforted.

Several hours later, Mr. Cobblesbury awoke from a thrilling dream in which he had killed seven burglars single-handed and was wading about in human grape. He awoke with a vice

which he had killed seven burglars single-handed and was wading about in human gore. He awoke with a violent start and for a moment was hardly able to decide whether he was still dreaming or not. Just as he arrived at the satisfactory conclusion that he was thoroughly awake, a tremendous crash down stairs came to his ears. Rising in a high state of excitement Mr. Cobblesbury grasped the barrel of his revolver and felt his way cautiously along to the door, his heart beating in a along to the door, his heart beating in a most reprehensible manner. Unfortu-nately, as he gained the doorway, he stumbled over some object and struck the floor with a shock like an amateur earthquake. Mrs. Cobblesbury had thoughtfully placed a chair against the door to impede the progress of the noc-turnal prowlers. The noise awakened her, and he could hear her muffled voice, from beneath the sheets, shrick-ing: "Samuel! Samuel! the burglars are here!"

"So am I," grunted Mr. Cobbles-bury, rubbing his injured foot, absent-mindedly, with the butt of his revol-ver, on which he had maintained a desperate hold.

"Have you caught them?" cries Mrs. Cobblesbury. "Is it safe for me to get

"Stay where you are, and don't move," said Mr. Cobblesbury, as he limped into the hall, shivening with cold and excitement. He was not afraid, but nevertheless began to feel a willingness to let the burgiars depart peaceably, so he straightened up by the stairway, and yelled at the top of

'I'll give you two minutes to leave the house! We are all armed to the teeth! Turn the night latch and run out of the front door if you value your

Mr. Cobblesbury could not help congratulating himself afterward when he remembered having made this speech. There was no answer but a flash of light in the hall attracted his attention, and Charles Simon, Marmaduke, and Miss Emeline, all half dressed, appeared on the scene.

"Where are they?" cried Charles Simon and Marmaduke in a breath, one brandishing a revolver and the other a

"Down stairs;" said Mr. Cobblesbury in a theatrical whisper.
"Emeline, this is no place for you.

said Charles Sumon, taking the light from her hand. "You know I have learned everything at college, and I know all about such things. Now, you just go and get under the bed in mother's room, and don't let the twins make

a single peep till I call you."

"But the burglars may come in and chloroform us," objected Miss Emeline.
"I have read of such things in the newspapers."
"Hush!" said Mr. Cobblesbury.

You all talk too loud. Miss Emeline vanished and was heard barricading the door. Mr. Cobbiesbury then said that Marmaduke must go for a policeman. Marmaduke objected decidedly and

egged to be allowed to live a little

"I will go," said Charles S mon. But it would never do to go down-stairs among the burglars, and Mr. Cobblesbury looked perplexed.
"I will swing myself out of the window to the lower roof, crawl along to

arbor," said Charles Simon. "I learned that at college."

Accordingly Mr. Cobblesbury and Marmaduke lowered Charles Simon

from the opened window to the roof be-low; and he agreed to give three whistles when he returned with the

Mr. Cobblesbury then sat down on the top stair with his revolver pointed below, and Marmaduke crouched beside him with the lamp. It was very

chilly on the top stair.

"Say, Em," shouted Marmaduke at length, "give us a blanket; we're freezin'!"

Several repetitions of this resulted in the door being opened a few inches and the required blanket was slipped out. Mr. Cobblesbury and Marmaduke acaboriginal fashion and waited.

"I declare," said Mr. Cobblesbury,
"if Charles Simon doesn't return before long I shall go back to bed again."

At this moment a tremendous racket occurred outside, which culminated in a violent ringing of the door bell and loud cries in Charles Simon's voice.

"I tell you I ain't a burglar," shouted Charles Simon without. "You let ed Charles Simon without.

me be! Pa, open the door!" me be! Pa, open the door!"

'They are murdering Charles,"
shrieked Mrs. Cobblesbury from the
inner room, and Mr. Cobblesbury,
dragging the half frozen, badly frightened Marmaduke after him, ran down
stairs and unlocked the door.

ened Marmaduke after him, ran down stairs and unlocked the door.

"I am coming, my son!" yelled Mr. Cobblesbury. "Hold 'em off a minute longer!"

When the door was opened, however, the three policemen who had Charles Simon in custody had realized that he was not a burglar and released him. As soon as they understood the state of affairs they accompanied Mr. Cobblesbury, Charles Simon and Marmaduke through the house on a tour of inspection with a dark lantern. At the dining room door they halted. A noise was plainly heard within. "We have them," said one of the policemen, and he shut the door in a great hurry. He then gave an order to the other two policemen, and then all three drew their revolvers and fired through the narrow opening of the door, which was instantly closed again. "We will now go in and capture them," said the head policeman, but nobody seemed to care about going in. One of the policemen said that the robbers were killed, of course, and it was useless to disturb the bodies before the cornoner could be summoned.

Mr. Cobblesbury did not think the burglars were all killed, as only three shots had been fired. If there had not been a large gang of them they would not have dared remain boldly in the

course, and it was useless to disturb the bodies before the cornoner could be summoned.

Mr. Cobblesbury did not think the burglars were all killed, as only three shots had been fired. If there had not been a large gang of them they would not have dared remain boldly in the house all this time.

It was finally decided that all should rush in at once. The door was opened, the three policemen, Mr. Cobblesbury, Charles Simon and Marmaduke entered in triumph, while precisely at the same moment an immense black cat leaped from the table and flew out of the room like a streak of lightning.

There were no burglars, but some of the dishes on the table had been shot into small fragments. The policemen were very angry, and debated whether

it would not be wise to arrest Mr. Cobblesbury. Finally they marched off in high dudgeon, just as Mrs. Cob-blesbury, Miss Emeline and the twins

Where are the burglars?"

Nobody answered.

"But the money is safe," said Mrs.

Jobblesbury. Everybody looked surarised. They had forgotten all about

the money.

"The burglars escaped," said Mr. Cobblesbury, "just as I was preparing to use my trusty revolver. The police spolled it all." As Mr. Cobblesbury uttered these words he flourished his weapon, and Marmaduke made a discovery. "Why, pa," said he "there ain't nothin' in that pistol, and the trigger's broke off. too!"

Mr. Cobblesbury said never a word, but wrapped his blanket around him like an Indian chieftain, and stalked upstairs with a dignity that caused the family to gaze after him with feelings of speechless admiration.—Herbert H. Winslow, in Chicago Mail.

Letter-Carriers to Have a Rest. "In 1986 such a thing as a postman or carrier walking ten or fifteen hours a day delivering mail matter will never be heard of, for the simple reason that there will be none in existence then,' remarked a scientific man the other day to a New York Mail and Express reorter.
"How will the mail be delivered?

"Everything will be reduced to a fine ystem, and a letter will be delivered n three seconds after its arrival in the costoffice. Each house in a big city ill be connected with the general stoffice or branch station, as the case may be, with a pneumatic tube large enough to carry a goodsized package. At present such a system of delivery cannot be put into practice because it would be too expensive. A century hence civilzation will rise to such a high and prosperous point that a system of quick delivery by means of pneumatic tubes will entirely be in vogue. It could be done now only it would bankrupt a city. The tube from Twenty-third street to the Western Union building shows how nicely it works. A letter or telegraphic message takes just two seconds to go the two and a half miles. The quickest means of transit are sure to be adopted in the long run. It is the evolution of progress, and nothing can stop it short of the universe. Not only will private houses have these tubes, but all our large cities will be pneumatically connected. Chicago will be perhaps ter seconds by letter from New York and San Francisco a minute or so. It will change a great many things and do away with

the steam-cars as a mail carrier. The system is yet in its infancy. "New York will by that time have new system of sewers, much better than Paris has now, and tubes can be run along in them instead of having to dig up the earth, as is the case with gas and steam pipes at present. The postage on letters will not be one-twentieth what it is now, and the expense to the government will be less. Of course the deliveries will have to be Of course the deliveries will have to be regulated to so many during the day. Say five or ten during the morning and that number during the afternoon and evening. And yet human nature is so constructed that even with such improved facilities I believe many kickers could be found who would protest against the slow time made. these things will come to pass, and it takes no prophet to plainly see the handwriting on the wall. The over-worked carriers will have a long rest."

His Lovely Blue Whiskers.

Oh, but there are people who make the kitchen, and cl mb down the grape out to make himself a fool in the line arbor." said Charles Simon. "I of a park firstion he is likely to be of a park flirtation he is likely to be very successful. The Park lounger over in Allegheny has in his mind's eye a stiff-jointed gentleman, in a white stovepipe hat, who, in the struggle to give Father Time a black eye, has dyed his whiskers a gorgeous and peacocky Syrian purple. He doubtless meant to have black whiskers, but the machine slipped a cog in the dye works he patronized, and his whiskers came out in ronized, and his whiskers came out in Miss Cleveland's pet hue, which promises to be fashionable here. This man walks more miles and makes the least showing in his efforts to perform the feat vulgarly known as masking than any man in Allegheny. His attempts in this line are positively debilitating to the eye witness. School girls and sweet sixteens are his especial delight. But he met with a Waterloo yesterday. He struck up a fiirtation with three But he met with a Waterloo yesterday. He struck up a flirtation with three bold young things, and was making himself agreeable as best he knew how. Finally the girls wanted to get rid of him. One addressed him in a low tone of voice as "Pa." whereat he colored up, and laughed feebly at the joke. This not proving quite petrifyining enough, another remarked: "What lovely whiskers you have got! Won't you give me a lock of your whiskers?" The old boy was gratified, and wanted to know: "Why, my dear?" The gidy young thing gushed: "They are just the shade of blue that I want for my dress. I want a lock for a sample to dress. I want a lock for a sample to match the color." The crushed dye house sign went out under the shade of one of the trees which formerly graced the front of the penitentiary on Ohio street, and when he had fully recovered he set out for home.—Pitts-burgh Post.

Ashamed of Her.

Man (to wife who justly despises puns)—"My dear, I saw something to-day that shocked me very much." Wife-"Tell me about it."

Husband—"I was standing on the street when along came a well known loafer, a regular free lunch fiend. He stopped and would have doubtles spoken to me but just then a man rushed up, seized the loafer and threw him down. Immediately the man who had thrown the loafer was arrested and taken to the police court which happened to be in session, where he was charged with being an anarchist."

Wife—"An anarchist."

"Husband—"Yes."

Wife—"Why, how could they bring Husband-"I was standing on the

CHANGED INTO A DESERT.

Unprecedented Summer Drought.

The great plains are hot and parched, and daily they are becoming more like the vertable desert of pioneer days. Not for many pears has there been such a scarcity of water in Colorado, and especially in the region of the Platte. Vegetation is becoming brown and crisp. The grass is withered, wells are drying up, treigation ditches are dry, crops are burned up by the intense heat. Cattle are dring, and at some points on the plains the

dring, and at some points on the plains the people are almost perishing for water.

Pitiful are the tales told by ranchmen of crops destroyed, cattle perishing and their families in great danger of suffering. Reports from the castern parts of Arapahoe and Weed counties, near the Colorado and Kansas line, represent a terrible state of affairs. This section seems fated to disaster and misfortune. Last wluter it is estimated that one hundred people lost their lives near the State line in snow blockades and terrible atorms that pre-vailed. Now they are scourged with an in-tense heat that is bringing ruin and disaster. No emigrants for many years have suffered such extremes of heat and cold as they. Induced by the favorable reports of the rainfall

No emigrants for many years have suffered such extremes of heat and cold as they. Induced by the favorable reports of the rainfall of the two previous years, and influenced by the commonly accepted theory that the rainfall is each year increasing, and the rain canter moving westward, hundreds of new settlers have attempted raising crops without inrigation, but the present senson has been a very unfortunate one not only the crops totally destroyed and their stock dying, but the unfortunate ranchmen and their families are in some places suffering for water to drink. Nothing but misery is ahead of them, and unless relief of some kind is soon obtained it is said that they will be obliged to move away or perish. Cattle are choking with thirst, and often the poor brutes are seen standing at the dried-up watering places with tongues loiling out of the r mouths.

In some places the wild animals are becoming lame, even the antelope, the fleetest and most setive animals on the plains, in some instances have been easily captured by bors from the ranches. The reports from all the ranchmen confirm the statement that unless water is procured the suffering among cattle will result most fatally, and that the loss to ranchmen will be immense, as these little bunches are in many cases all the ranchmen possess, to lose them would be most disastrous. In fact, as one ranchman expressed it, it is a matter of life and death to them. The great stock ranges, which it had been hoped would escape, are now becoming brown, and the leading stockmen are beginning to feel apprehensive. The cattle have suffered more in the Southern sections, and many have perished.

About one hundred thousand head have been rushed-through the State from the discounce points the Platte is but ankle deep, below the great irrigation ditches, and many troublesome questions have arisen over the irrigation problem. In many places along the Platte of the ranchmen are armed, and will fight unless they obtain their rights. The big dire companies are monopolizing what l

The Age of Statesmanship.

The age at which statesmen reach their best reputation seems to be between 50 and 60 though a large number become very prominent before that time. Clay, Calhonn, and Webster jumped into national prominence very early in life, and Clay was a member of the senate before he was 30. John Randoim ap-peared so young when he was elected to con-gress that he was asked his age when about to take his cath. He disdained to answer the question directly, and referred the inquirer to his constituents. James 6. Blatue has some years to live before he will be 60. George F. Edmunds is 57, and Arthur was younger than this when he left the presidency. Sam Ran-dall is 57; Carlise looks older than Randall, dall is 57; Carlis e looks older than Randall, but he is only 52, and Tom Reed and Gov. Long have made national reputations at 40 and 47. There are fewer men than usual in this house between 30 and 42, and thore are none under 33. In many of the houses of the past we have had congressmen in the twenties, and Galusha A. Grow was only 23 when he came here to represent the district of oil Wilmot, the man who made the noted proving.

—Cieveland Leader.

Pity hinges along the borders of contempt, and love-liable to become either. The pitcher, the batter, and the catcher are the trio about whose heads the chival-

ry of the age gathers. The girl that is not afraid of a ghost spells it beas. She says she wishes she had a ghost of a show.

Gray or sandy beards are colored brown or black by Buckingham's Dye for the One bottle of Ayer's Ague Cure will eradicate malarial poisons from the

Louisiana must be a duck of a state, as half a million ducks killed in the state are marketed in New Orleans.

system.

One gressing with Frazer Axle Grease will last two weeks, all others two to three days. Try it. Paradise Pile Powder.

Positive cure for the Piles. \$1.00 per Box. Mailed to any address on receipt of price. Manufactured and sold by F. S. Miller & Co., 347 Kosciusko St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

A Wife's Victory.

A Wife's Victory.

From the Voice, N. T.

It beats all—this determination of the women to do all they make np their minds to. My income being limited, I asked my wife to exercise care in the management of her affairs, so that, when the time came for me to pay the bills, I would not be compelled to part with every penny of my income. To be doubly careful, I asked her to keep an account of our expenses, and every now and then we would look over the account, to cast out what we should judge unnecessary. The first hitch we had, was in the matter of Pearline. I fe't that it was not in the line of economy to put Pearline into the di-h-water; Pearline into the wash-boiler; Pearline into the clothes soaking water, or to use Pearline for house cleaning purposes; and despite the arguments of my wife, I succeeded in cutting out that expense from the account. Things seemed to go all right for a little while, but soon I noticed that my shirts, cuffs and collars began to look as yellow as get out, and my wife kept complaining about the look of her dishes, "they were so greasy," and gave me a gentle hint, that the itom cast out of our account had not been as economical as I supposed. My shirts were wearing from the hardrubbing they were getting, and the soda and common scan was just about fluishing things. Almost disgusted with matters, I concluded to give Pearline a chance to show its economical properties; for wife would only answer to every complaint about the looks of my linen: There's nothing that beats Pearline. "You'do be surprised what a change it wrought; I found that my new linen kept perfectly white, and I didn't bear the complaint about the fearful backache after wash-day. No more complaint about the munique to every complaint about the looks of my linen: There's nothing that hear the accommon of the search our neighbors, who don't use Pearline. Sak wife how she managed to keep her paint so clean. I've concluded, for economy, to let wife run matters in the house, while I run the outside affairs for the house, whil

Mn. JAMES RAGLET, section forment C. & H. E. R. Willey, O'kle, lead not copy.

I am selling considerable of your value ble medicine, Athlophors. My sales are in creasing every day. It is curing one cas of evere rheumatism of years' standing in which all doctors had failed. J. M. Evans druggist, Evansville, Wis.

It is better to be the king of pig-killer than to be a king without a bank account

Bupturs, Breach or Hernia,

permanently cured or no pay. The worst-cases guardated. Pamphlet and refer-ences, 50 cents in stamps. World's Dispen-sary Medical Association, 603 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

First wells were of water; second wells sere of oil; third wells were of gas. Next.

"Consumption Cure" would be a truthful name to give Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," the most efficacious medicine yet discovered for arresting the early development of pulmonary disease. But "consumption cure" would not sufficiently indicate the scope of its influence and usefulness. In all the many diseases which spring from a derangement of the liver and blood the "Discovery" is a safe and sure specific. Of all druggists.

There is more danger from politics in he saloon than from the saloon in poli-

How often is the light of the household-clouded by signs of melancholy or irrita-bility on the part of the ladies. Yet they are not to be blamed, for they are the re-sult of aliments peculiar to that sex, which men know not of. But the cause may be removed and joy restored by the use of Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription." which, as a tonic and nervine for debili-tated women, is certain, safe and pleasant. It is beyond all compare the great healer of woman.

The young lady who wouldn't be a type writer! No, she was not going to be die

Sche Cure for Rheumatism.—Cure guarranteed in all cases. Use Perry Davis' Vegetable Pain Killer according to directions, and it will cure ninety-nine cases out of every hundred. Try it, it surely will not hurt you. No More Sick Headache If You Use

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Dr. Isaac hompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. To get relief from indigestion, bilious ness, constipation or torpid liver without disturbing the stomach or purging the bowels, take a few doses of Carter's Little Liver Pills, they will please you.

Girls like fish because it requires smacks to catch them—the more smacks the more

Boils

And pimples, and other like affections caused by impure blood, are readily cured by Hood's Sarsa-parilla. While it purifies, this medicine also wital-ises and enriches the blood, and builds up every function of the body. Scrofula. humors of all kinds.

function of the body. Scrofula. humors of all kinds, swellings in the neck, hives, ringworm, tetter abscesses, ulcers, rores, salt rheum, scalchead, etc., are also cured by this excellent blood purifier.

"I was troubled with boils, having several of them at a time. After enduring about all I could bear in suffering. I took Hood's Sarsaparills. Four or five bottles entirely cured me, and I have had no symptoms of the return of the boils. I cheerfully recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all like afflicted, being sure they will find speedy relief." E. N. NIGHTINGALE, Oulnor, Mass. GALE, Quincy, Mass.

"Last spring I was troubled with boils, caused by my blood being out of order. Two bottles of Hoods."

Sarsaparilla cured me, and I recommend it to others troubled with affections of the blood." J. SCHOCH, Peorla, Ill.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by all druggists. SI; six for St. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries. Lowell, Mass

100 Doses One Dollar There are no sea serpents to be seen at ny seaport of the American sea-by-by-prohibitionists.

It has rained every Friday in New York ince the first of December. TETTER. Amember of the Pioneer Press staff, troubled for eleven years with obstrate Tetter on his hands, has completely cured it in less than a mouth, by the use of Cole's Carbols

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